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AN IRISH EDEN

IRISH COMEDY DRAMA

BY

GEORGE M. ROSENER

DICK & FITZGERALD

PUBLISHERS

18 Ann Street, New York

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AN IRISH EDEN

An Irish Comedy Drama in Three Acts.

BY

GEORGE M. ROSENER

AUTHOR OF "SLEEPY HOLLOW," "COAST FOLKS," "SHERIFF OF
TUCKAHOE," "THE FROZEN TRAIL," ETC., ETC.

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AN IRISH EDEN.

CHARACTERS.

* FATHER DUFFY, age 50.....	<i>The Parish Priest</i>
FATHER O'BRIEN, age 30.....	<i>His Assistant</i>
NELLIE DUFFY, age 21.....	<i>His Niece</i>
DOCTOR NOLAN, age 68.....	<i>His Life-long Friend</i>
* MRS. MURPHY, age 45.....	<i>His Housekeeper</i>
* MRS. PATRIC, age 30.....	<i>His Cousin</i>
* MIKE PATRIC, age 35.....	<i>His Cousin-in-law</i>
JOHN NOLAN, age 25.....	<i>A Young Lawyer</i>
* ANNA RYAN, age 18.....	<i>In Love with Tom</i>
TOM BLAKE, age 20.....	<i>In love with Anna</i>
MAY DEMPSEY, age 21.....	<i>A False Friend</i>
HARRISON WOODWORTH, age 35.....	<i>A Soldier of Fortune</i>
LOUIS SCHMIDT, age 40.....	<i>The Butcher</i>
AUNT SUSAN, age 60.....	<i>Nellie's old Nurse</i>
THE PATRIC CHILDREN.	

TIME OF PERFORMANCE.—*Two Hours.*

TIME.—*The present.*

LOCALITY.—A small village on the Hudson sometimes called the "Garden of Eden."

ACT I.—Exterior of Father Duffy's home.

ACT II.—Same. Two years later.

ACT III.—Same. One month later.

NOTES.—All characters marked * are portrayed with a slight Irish dialect.

Cue music for the rise and fall of all curtains, and as incidental music should be "Come Back to Erin." (Supplied by the Publishers at 40 cents per copy.) Any popular air may be used for the words, "I wonder where you are to-night my love," sung in ACT I.

The Patric Children should be six in number, but can be less. Their ages range from six to fourteen.

SYNOPSIS OF INCIDENTS.

ACT I.—The arrival of the chops. MRS. MURPHY is called a "cuckoo," which gives her food for thought. The juvenile "cyclone" with mother interferes with MRS. MURPHY's final decision. ANNA and TOM quarrel and then make up. DR. NOLAN's game of checkers and his absent-mindedness. MAY and HARRISON scheme against NELLIE. ANNA and TOM engaged; also NELLIE and JOHN. NELLIE refuses HARRISON's proffered love and makes him her enemy.

ACT II.—DR. NOLAN's butterfly. NELLIE's sick baby. MAY and HARRISON have another meeting. NELLIE's despair. HARRISON's trickery and NELLIE's decision. TOM and ANNA again quarrel and once more make-up. SCHMIDT's "Ich liebe dich" and its results. The VAN SLOAN party where NELLIE finds JOHN. The death of the baby.

ACT III.—FATHER DUFFY's case with the devil. JOHN and NELLIE want to separate. The wedding of TOM and ANNA. FATHER DUFFY's diplomacy and happy results.

COSTUMES.

FATHER O'BRIEN, is played in a quiet manner. ACT I.—Black cassock and Roman collar.

FATHER DUFFY, is played good-naturedly, quiet in manner but with a sly sense of humor. ACT I.—Black summer suit, Roman collar, straw hat. ACT II.—Cassock and barretta.

NELLIE DUFFY, is played in a light-hearted and care-free manner in ACT I. ACT I.—Light summer dress, summer hat. ACT II.—Long dress. ACT III.—Mourning dress.

DOCTOR NOLAN. A man of nervous temperament, quick in all movements. White hair, half bald. Summer crash suit.

MRS. MURPHY. Good-natured Irish woman about 40. Mixed grey wig, parted in center. Wrapper and apron.

MRS. PATRIC. A matured woman, but not old. Can best be described as a young, pretty, matured woman. Plain shirt waist and skirt.

MIKE PATRIC. Big, powerful man; should be played with abandon, and withal he is big-hearted and whole-souled. Rough pants, shirt, hat.

JOHN NOLAN. Young man of noble character and carries himself as such. ACT I.—Light summer suit. ACT II.—Black business suit. ACT III.—Black suit; traveling bag.

ANNA RYAN. Young girl of to-day, pretty, good-natured, but inclined to be self-willed. Must be played with a lot of spirit and girlishness. ACT I.—Modern summer dress. ACT III.—Bridal gown and wreath.

TOM BLAKE. Young man of to-day. Is played manly and sincerely. Modern summer suit, straw hat similar to Father Duffy's.

MAY DEMPSEY. She is inclined to be superior and snobbish. ACT I.—Light summer dress. ACT II.—White lawn dress, sunshade.

HARRISON WOODWORTH, is played very much the easy going man of the world. ACT I.—Light summer suit of somewhat exaggerated pattern. ACT II.—Traveling suit.

LOUIS SCHMIDT. A German blonde, half bald, speaks with a dialect and is played quickly and vivaciously. ACT I.—Colored shirt, dark pants, butcher's apron, straw hat, very flashy necktie, and red bandana handkerchief. ACT II.—Sunday suit.

AUNT SUSAN. Typical Southern Mammy, somewhat bent with age. Calico dress, white apron, red bandana handkerchief on her head.

PROPERTIES.

ACT I.—Stage properties as in scene-plot at head of ACT. Prayer book for FATHER O'BRIEN. Butcher's basket and package of chops for SCHMIDT. Cigars, checker-board and

checkers for DR. NOLAN. Dinner pail for MIKE PATRIC. Water bucket for MRS. MURPHY. Pebbles for JOHN. Cigar for HARRISON.

ACT II.—About twenty boxes and bundles for ANNA. Necktie for TOM. Butterfly net, spectacles for DR. NOLAN. Bible for FATHER DUFFY. Sunshade for MAY.

ACT III.—Legal documents, fountain pen for FATHER DUFFY. Traveling bag for JOHN NOLAN.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

As seen by a performer on the stage, facing the audience, R. means right hand, L. left hand of the stage; C. centre; R. C. right, L. C. left of centre; L. 1 E., L. 2 E., L. 3 E., first, second, third, left entrances; R. 1 E., etc., first, second, third, right entrances. UP, means up stage toward rear; DOWN, down stage toward footlights.

AN IRISH EDEN.

ACT I.

SCENE.—*Landscape along the Hudson.. Wood wings.. Hedge runs from right to left up stage, with an opening in the center. House sets down right. Right of centre down stage is a set tree under which is a wash bench. Down left is a rustic table and two chairs.*

Music at rise is played until MRS. MURPHY is well on.

(DISCOVERED FATHER O'BRIEN walking back and forth across stage reading a prayer book.)

ENTER MRS. MURPHY from house, fanning herself with apron. During her speech she walks down and sits on wash-bench R.

MRS. MURPHY. Phew! Never in all me life have I seen such hot weather. And here's the door standin' wide open so as to let all the flies in. The next wan that comes in this house and fergets to close that door will get a piece of my mind as long as a dusty road.

FATHER O'BRIEN (*coming down stage*). You seem excited Mrs. Murphy.

MRS. M. Excuse me, Father O'Brien, but I'm that excited with the heat that I think I'll bust. Sure you got home from your visit early, Father.

FATHER O'B. Yes, I must go to bed with the chickens, to-night. I have a five o'clock mass to say in the morning, you know.

MRS. M. (*jumps to her feet in surprise*). What do you think of that? I had forgotten all about your sayin' early mass. (*Goes up to house.*) I'll be gettin' yer tea ready in a minute. (*Looks off, R.*) Here comes Mr. Schmidt with the chops now.

ENTER SCHMIDT R. 3, *carrying butcher's basket and package of chops.*

SCHMIDT. Goot evenings, Mrs. Moypee. Goot evenings, Father O'Brien.

FATHER O'B. Good evening, Mr. Schmidt.

MRS. M. Have you brought me the chops, Louis?

SCHMIDT (*handing package to MRS. MURPHY*). Sure, here dey iss.

MRS. M. (*opens package, examines it, and nods her head approvingly*). They look all right. You know the last you sent over were no good, and I waltzed them right back again.

SCHMIDT. Iss dot so? Dot iss mine clerk's fault. I will see him about dot. Goot evenings, everybody. (*Goes up stage, turns to MRS. M.*) Say, Mrs. Moypee——

MRS. M. And what is it now?

SCHMIDT. You iss a cuckoo. (*Waves a red bandana handkerchief at MRS. M.*) [EXIT L. 3.]

MRS. M. Did you hear that, Father?

FATHER O'B. Did I hear what?

MRS. M. Did you hear the pet name he called me?

FATHER O'B. He called you a cuckoo, did he not?

MRS. M. He did. And wasn't that swate of him?

FATHER O'B. That's for you to judge.

MRS. M. (*looks about cautiously*). Father, (*whispers*), what do you think of a woman of my age gettin' married?

FATHER O'B. (*knowingly*). Oh, I begin to understand.

MRS. M. Understand, is it? Sure, understand what?

FATHER O'B. Understand the meaning of all this cuckoo business. So Schmidt has been proposing, has he?

MRS. M. Well, not exactly. But first give me your advice on a woman of my age gettin' married, and to a Dutchman, at that.

FATHER O'B. If he loves you and you love him, what more need be said?

MRS. M. You see, it is this way. Schmidt has been calling on me now for a matter of seven years, he wants to marry me, but he ain't got the spunk to tell me so. Every time he gets to the proposin' point he gits that excited with fright that he grabs his hat and is off as if the devil was after him. (FATHER O'B. *laughs heartily*.)

ENTER FATHER DUFFY, R. 3.

FATHER DUFFY. Tell me the joke, I like to laugh, you know.

FATHER O'B. Here is Father Duffy. He can give you sounder advice on these matters than any man in the land. (*Crosses to house.*) I will leave you in his hands. (*Turns and looks at MRS. M.*) Cuckoo.

[EXIT *laughing, into house.*]

FATHER D. Well, I haven't heard the joke yet.

MRS. M. (*embarrassed*). Well we—well we were talkin' of marriage.

FATHER D. Marriage is it—and do you call that a joke?

MRS. M. The parties in discussion was Mr. Schmidt and meself.

FATHER D. I see—I see.

MRS. M. I'll be axin' the advice of no wan. Yer all makin' sport of me.

FATHER D. (*crosses and sits in chair R. of table*). Indeed I am not. It is right that you should marry and I, for one, am glad to hear that you have come to such a sensible decision. Follow the dictates of your own honest heart, Mrs. Murphy, and you cannot go far from wrong. So you are thinking of being a real Mrs. after all?

MRS. M. It does seem kinder funny, don't it? Sure, I have been known as Mrs. Murphy for the last ten years. The name Mrs. just seemed to kinder fit on me, I guess, and I've got so used to the name that if any wan was ter call me Miss Murphy I would think that they were trying ter poke fun at me and me Irish would be up in a minute.

ENTER MRS PATRIC *with all the children*, L. 3.

MRS. PATRIC. The top of the evening to you all. I am after taking the children out for a walk and thought I might come this way.

FATHER D. (*rising*). Good evening, Delia. And here are all the children. Come here, me little darlints. (*Sits back in chair. The children all rush to him, climbing all over him and the chair.*)

CHILDREN (*all at once*). I want to sit on his knee. I got here first. Get away. Mama. Make him let me sit here. Stop pushing, will you. (*Ad libitum.*)

MRS. P. Come away, children, can't you see you are annoyin' the Father?

FATHER D. Tut, tut, Delia, I love to have them about, every one of them. Ah, they're a fine brood of little chickens; you have great reasons to be proud of them, Delia.

MRS. M. (*pointing to FATHER DUFFY and the CHILDREN*).

Its meself that's thinkin' that Mr. Teddy Roosevelt should see that picture. There's a sight to warm the cockles of his heart.

FATHER D. (*laughing heartily*). Now for that remark Mrs. Murphy, I charge you to take all these youngsters into the house and give them each, one of those cookies you baked this morning.

[EXIT MRS. MURPHY *into house, followed by the children, shouting and making all possible noise.*

Mrs. P. I think I'll be going in to look after them. If I am not there, they will be getting into all kinds of mischief. Father, if my husband passes here on his way home from work, tell him where I am. (*Goes to door of house.*) And if he wants to go right home to tea, tell him there's a good hot supper waitin' for him, that I saw to meself, and his sister Bessie will wait on him.

[EXIT *into house.*

(FATHER DUFFY *has been sitting quietly throughout this speech as if in deep meditation. After MRS. PATRIC'S exit he looks up as if bewildered.*)

FATHER D. Now I wonder what she told me to tell her husband. Sure I was thinkin' of something else all the while she was talking.

ENTER ANNA R. 2, *walking fast, and followed closely by TOM. ANNA is in a temper, and TOM is trying to explain. They do not seem to observe FATHER DUFFY at their entrance.*)

TOM. Now listen, let me explain all.

ANNA (*with a stamp of her foot*). No, I tell you, I won't listen to you. I never want to see you again.

[EXIT L. 2, *in a huff, followed by TOM.*

TOM. Listen, will you? Give a fellow a chance to explain.

[EXIT L. 2.

FATHER D. (*shivering*). But-r-r. What an awful snow storm we are having.

(ANNA and TOM RE-ENTER L. 2, *walking very fast.*)

TOM. Why don't you let me explain.

ANNA. Because it isn't necessary, Mr. Blake.

FATHER D. Sure this looks like the wind up of a county fair in the old country. (ANNA and TOM *in their desire to explain, both talk at the same time.*)

TOM. She says she saw me when she didn't. Because I haven't spoken to another girl the whole day, and ——

ANNA. He did. He did. He did. I saw him.

FATHER D. One at a time. One at a time. I'm not twins and I cannot listen to you each separately and both at the same time.

ANNA. I saw him, Father. I saw him.

FATHER D. And what was he doing pray?

ANNA. He was buying soda water for Mary McCormic.

TOM. Father, don't you believe it. I wasn't doing any such thing.

ANNA. Oh what a story. Why, I saw you with my own eyes.

FATHER D. Are you sure it was Tom ye did see? Was it his face?

ANNA. No, I only saw his back, but I knew it was Tom, because he wore a straw hat and—and—well, I saw the straw hat.

FATHER D. Sure that's no evidence. Tom was not the only man wearing a straw hat at the picnic. I wore one meself.

TOM. That's just what I tried to tell her.

FATHER D. And in regard to Mary McCormic, I have something to say there. Mary comes to me at the picnic and says to me says she "Father, I'll draw straws with you to see who pays for the soda water." "Done" says I. And being a lucky man, Mary pays for the soda water.

TOM. There you are. It was Father Duffy who was drinking soda water with Mary McCormic, and just because you saw his straw hat you imagined it was me.

ANNA (*half ashamed and confused*). Well, well, I thought that——

TOM. Oh, yes, you thought. Men have had their heads cut off for that kind of thinking. Father, what would you do in a case like this?

FATHER D. My advice is: If ye cannot agree, don't speak to each other for a whole year. Be like the figure eleven; two separate and silent ones.

ANNA. Oh, I couldn't stand that. If Tom didn't speak to me, I—I—would never get over it. (*Starts to cry, her arms across her eyes.*)

FATHER D. (*turns his back on them and looks off R.; aside*). Sure, now I've started something.

TOM (*taking ANNA in his arms, her head resting on his shoulder*). There—there—Anna—don't cry. Please don't

cry. Anna, will you please stop crying? If you don't stop it, you will have me doing the same thing.

ANNA. I—I—want to go home.

TOM (*trying to console her, leads her off* L. 2). All right. All right. I will do anything you want if you will only stop crying.

[EXIT TOM and ANNA, L. 2.]

FATHER D. Now, me children, listen to what I have to say— (*Turns, sees they have left him alone and is surprised*). Gone, and without so much as a word of thanks for me kind advice. Father Duffy, mind your own business. (*Sits in chair R. of table.*)

ENTER DR. NOLAN L. 3, *carrying checker-board and checkers. As he comes down he slams checker-board on table.*

FATHER D. (*jumps from chair in alarm*). Are you tryin' to scare the life out of me?

DR. NOLAN. Ah! Ah! At last I have found you!

FATHER D. What's the matter with you? Have you a sun stroke, or is this some new kind of hide and seek that you are playing?

DR. NOLAN. Neither one. Neither one. I just wish to show you that you were wrong. See here— (*Arranges the checkers on the board.*) In that game of checkers which we played last night——

FATHER D. Have you taken leave of your senses, man? Sure, I never played checkers with you in all me life.

DR. NOLAN. To be sure. To be sure. It was Father O'Brien. Dear me, I am getting to be so absent-minded.

FATHER D. Getting to be absent-minded? I've known you for forty years and you've been absent-minded ever since I knew you.

DR. NOLAN. Prove it, sir. Prove it, sir. I defy you to prove it.

FATHER D. Do you remember the days when we were boys together in the old country?

DR. NOLAN (*sitting in chair L. of table*). Indeed I do.

FATHER D. Now call to mind a certain day that we went swimming in the old swimming hole back of the blacksmith's shop.

DR. NOLAN. We went swimming there many times.

FATHER D. Indeed we did. On this certain day I'm telling of, you were so absent-minded that you forgot where you laid your clothes and you had to go home in a barrel. (*Laughs heartily.*)

DR. NOLAN. Nothing of the sort, sir. Nothing of the sort ever happened.

FATHER D. Sure you must remember it. Do ye mind, you loaned me three shillings that very same day.

DR. NOLAN. Oh yes. I loaned you three shillings which you never payed back. I had forgotten all about that. Dear me, I am getting so absent-minded.

FATHER D. I should say you are. You are so absent-minded that you have forgotten my paying it back to you the very next day.

DR. NOLAN. Oh yes, I had forgotten that also. Dear me, I am getting so absent-minded. Have a cigar? (*Gives FATHER DUFFY a cigar. Then absent-mindedly picks up a checker and thinking it is a match, he attempts to strike it on his pants.*)

FATHER D. What new experiment is this you are trying now?

DR. NOLAN. I am trying to strike a light.

FATHER D. Well, man, you cannot do it with a checker.

DR. NOLAN (*looks at checker, then lays it down on table*). Upon me soul, I am getting so absent-minded.

FATHER D. (*striking match, holds it for DR. NOLAN; they both smoke*). Doctor, it is a good thing you stopped practicing medicine long ago. Though I sometimes think that if you still were practicing and went in business with some undertaker, you would get him considerable business. Your absent-mindedness would come in handy there.

DR. NOLAN. What do you mean?

FATHER D. Sure, I was only joking. You were a clever and successful doctor, no one can deny that, and the good you have done humanity in your time will be no little credit to your account hereafter.

DR. NOLAN. Father Duffy, you will have your joke. You joke so much and I am getting so absent-minded that half of the time I forget to laugh. (*Breaks into a high pitched and almost cackling laugh.*)

FATHER D. Doctor, are you laughing, sneezing, crying or coughing, or all four at once?

DR. NOLAN. Bless me if I know. I am getting that absent-minded that I don't know which.

FATHER D. It doesn't matter I suppose, so long as you enjoy it.

ENTER MRS. M. *from house, crosses behind table.*

MRS. M. Father, tea is ready. Will I serve it out here, or will you come in the house?

FATHER D. I think I will go in doors. Will you stop to tea, Doctor?

DR. NOLAN. I should be delighted.

MRS. M. Do you like green or black tea, Doctor?

DR. NOLAN. I have forgotten. Dear me, I am getting so absent-minded.

FATHER D. Well, as we know his nationality, I think green tea would be more to his likin'!

MRS. M. Then come in before the chops get cold. Come Doctor. (*Crosses to house, doctor follows her.*)

DR. NOLAN (*handing MRS. MURPHY a cigar*). Oh yes, have a cigar.

(*MRS. M. is indignant, though she keeps the cigar. In her indignation she does not realize that she is doing this.*)

MRS. M. Well, the idea! I don't smoke.

DR. NOLAN. Of course not, I had forgotten. I am getting so absent-minded. [EXIT *into house.*]

FATHER D. (*crosses to house, rubbing his chin with his hand. At house he turns to MRS. M.*). Mrs. Murphy, will you have a match for your cigar, or will you smoke it after supper? [EXIT *laughing, into house.*]

MRS. M. (*throwing down cigar with great force*). Well, I never was so put upon in all me life.

[EXIT *into house.*]

ENTER MIKE PATRIC R. 3, *carrying dinner pail. He pauses at gate and whistles.*

(*A great shout is heard in the house and all the children come tumbling on. They rush to him, surrounding him, and all clammer for his dinner pail.*)

CHILDREN (*all talk at once*). Its my turn, Dad. Its my turn to carry home the dinner pail to-night.

MIKE (*gives dinner pail to one of the children*). Easy, me little men and women, it's William's turn to-night.

ENTER MRS. PATRIC *from house.*

MIKE. And Delia, is that you? And how have these little rascals behaved this day?

MRS. P. Sure, as good as could be expected. Fine weather like this seems to put all sorts of mischief in their heads. Four of them was with me to the picnic.

MIKE. It has been a fine day for picnicing and by that same token, a fine night it will be, to be sure. Just the kind of a night that you and me used to walk along the road, arm in arm, twelve years ago. Do you remember that, eh? (*Gently nudges her with elbow.*)

MRS. P. (*shyly*). For shame, Mike. You are an old married man, and your—your—talkin'—like a—I don't know what.

MIKE. Sure, its yourself that's blushin' like a school girl.

MRS. P. Mike, keep quiet, will you.

MIKE. If you don't stop that blushin' I will be after kissin' your cheeks to make them the redder. (*Children surround them; some behind MRS. PATRIC, some behind MIKE. They shove them to bring them together, all shouting at the same time.*)

CHILDREN. Go on, dad. Go on, go on, kiss her.

MIKE. Shall I?

CHILDREN. Yes, yes.

MIKE (*takes MRS. P. in his arms and kisses her*). There now.

CHILDREN. Hurrah! Hurrah!

MIKE. Now then, off we go to supper. Delia, me darlin', you take me arm. (*Swings the smallest of the children to his shoulder. MRS. PATRIC takes his arm.*)

[ALL EXIT L. 3.]

(*Music is played until next characters are well on.*)

ENTER R. 2. NELLIE DUFFY, MAY DEMPSEY, and HARRISON WOODWORTH.

NELLIE (*carrying summer hat*). Here we are at last. (*Looks off L.*) And there go the Patrics and all the children.

MAY. And a nice lot of mischiefs they are.

NELL. May, how can you say such a thing! (*Places her arm about MAY's waist*). What is the matter with you to-day? You seem to be grieving about something, what is it?

MAY. I, grieving? I should like to catch myself at it. There is nothing in this world that is worth it.

HARRISON. A sensible idea, if you ask me.

NELL. Pshaw! You are both trying to corner the melancholy market. Take my word for it, you will get nothing but worry for your trouble. (*Crosses to house*). Now that you are here, of course you will stay to supper, then we will—

MAY. Thank you, I have a prior engagement.

HARRISON. I should like to very much, but I have a concert in town. Some of our old friends are going to have a big musicale. Wish you could be there.

NELL. Thank you, I prefer the country. Well, if you won't stop to supper and you won't come inside, wait until I put my hat away and have a cup of tea, then I will walk as far as the station with you.

HARRISON. Fine.

NELL. I will not be long.

[EXIT into house.

MAY (*looking after her*). I hate her.

HARRISON. And I love her.

MAY. Excuse me, I had forgotten that you were present.

HARRISON (*sarcastically*). Thank you, you are very considerate, to say the least.

MAY. Your sarcasm is wasted on me, Mr. Harrison. You know that.

HARRISON. I was ignorant of that fact until just now, I assure you. This much I do know, you are quite the pleasantest girl I have ever met, *I—don't—think!*

MAY. That's right, use slang; it becomes you better.

HARRISON (*imitating her*). Your sarcasm is wasted on me, Miss Dempsey. You know that. And I guess that's getting back.

MAY. You are an idiot.

HARRISON. Permit me to return the compliment.

MAY. Keep it, you will need it yourself.

HARRISON. Do you know, you and I should be great friends. When we are alone we immediately become as sociable as two strange bull dogs.

MAY. I wonder if Nell is ever coming!

HARRISON. She will be here in good time, never fear.

MAY. Look here, where did you meet her?

HARRISON. It's a long story.

MAY. Is it so terrible that it must be kept a secret?

HARRISON. No, indeed. I thought you knew.

MAY. We know nothing of her, except that she is the niece of Father Duffy. She came here three years ago, went to board with the Patrics, and has been there ever since.

HARRISON. That girl is the biggest fool on earth.

MAY. I always thought so.

HARRISON. But not in the way you mean. She could by now be earning a salary of a hundred dollars a week.

MAY. If you will kindly tell your story consecutively and not in sections, I would be grateful.

HARRISON. Drop your sarcasm for a minute and I will

give you the facts just as they are or were, whichever you like. Father Duffy had a brother, one James Duffy, who some years ago was one of New York's foremost lawyers. He married and had one daughter; Nell was his only child and he idolized her. He was an honest sort of a man who loved his wife with a deep and tender devotion, and her sudden death all but caused him to follow her immediately. I think it was about a year after his wife's death that he went to South America with the hope of forgetting the past, instead of which he brooded himself into a state of perpetual melancholia. He seemed to have forgotten all about his relations because neither Father Duffy nor any of the family ever heard from him after he left New York. When Nell reached the age of seventeen, he died, and Nell found herself alone in the world and thrown on her own resources. (*Lights cigar and smokes.*)

MAY. Well?

HARRISON. Well, Nell possessed a beautiful voice and took to doing concert work for a living. She sang in all the big churches and at the leading musicales of the southern continent. It was in Brazil that I was first presented to her and afterward became her manager. Then we came North, that is to say Nell, myself, and her old colored nurse who raised her from childhood. When we reached New York, society clamored for her services. One night she sang at St. Patrick's Cathedral; when she was leaving the church an old Irish woman, who knew her mother in days gone by, recognized the strong resemblance in Nell; she inquired after her parents. That started it. She was put in communication with Father Duffy, and you know the rest.

MAY. And the sequel to this interesting story?

HARRISON. You know that.

MAY. The conclusion, yes, but not the sequel.

HARRISON. There is no sequel, save that if Nell had remained under my management I would have made her wealthy.

MAY. She is that already.

HARRISON. Eh?

MAY (*points off* R. HARRISON *looks same way*). Do you see that big house and grounds down there?

HARRISON. Yes.

MAY. It once belonged to her father; it now belongs to her, together with some thousand shares in the Star Rolling Mill up the river.

HARRISON (*whistles in surprise*).

MAY. That awakens your avaricious nature, doesn't it?

HARRISON. Look here Miss Dempsey, I know your secret and you know mine. I love Nell, and you love John Nolan; by a strange coincidence they love each other. Now is it not plainly evident that it is to our mutual interests to keep them apart?

MAY. That can only be done by lying, scheming, and deception. Remember, I am not altogether void of conscience.

HARRISON. Why not work hand in hand? We need not commit even the smallest venial sin to gain our ends; we need but be cautious and diplomatic to see our ambitions attained. Together we stand, divided we stand no chance at all.

MAY. Oh, I hate myself for listening to you.

HARRISON. A foolish policy and a false one, I assure you.

MAY (*with emotion*). Yes, I am false. False to my Maker, my friends, and myself. (*Laughter is heard from house.*)

HARRISON. Here comes Father Duffy now. I will take this opportunity to ask him for Nellie's hand. You run down to Smith's drug store and wait for me there. Wait, that absent-minded doctor is with him, I will walk with you as far as the station and then return. Come.

[EXIT HARRISON and MAY, L. 3.]

ENTER FATHER DUFFY *from house, followed by* DR. NOLAN.

FATHER D. If you don't stop your absent-minded business, Doctor, I shall be in my grave from laughing.

DR. NOLAN. What have I done now? I see nothing funny.

FATHER D. Well, I do. You stirred your tea with the celery and tried to eat a spoon. (*Crosses L. and lays hat on the table.*)

DR. NOLAN (*laughing heartily*). Did I do that? I shall have to be going now. I enjoyed my visit immensely. (*Crosses L., puts on FATHER DUFFY'S hat and starts up c. carrying his own.*)

FATHER D. One moment—one moment, Doctor. Come back with my hat.

DR. NOLAN. Eh?

FATHER D. It is the only one I have and goodness knows where I am going to get another.

DR. NOLAN (*takes off hat and looks at it in amazement*).

Dear me, I am getting so absent-minded. Good evening, Father Duffy. [EXIT R. 3.]

FATHER D. Good evening, Doctor. (*Arranges himself comfortably in chair R.*) Now I think I will try to get a quiet nap.

ENTER TOM, L. 3, *singing "I wonder where you are to-night, my love."* As he enters he looks about as if he lost something.

FATHER D. If you are giving this concert for my benefit, you may stop whenever you like.

TOM. Ah, is that you, Father! I lost my fountain pen somewhere about here.

FATHER D. (*helps him to search*). Is that so?

TOM. Father, can you keep a secret?

FATHER D. Sure, at home in Ireland I was known as the one man that could keep a secret. There's a hard trick for an Irishman, eh?

TOM. Well, then I will tell you. I proposed to Anna Ryan to-night.

FATHER D. No!

TOM. Yes, I did.

FATHER D. And what did she say?

TOM. She said yes. Now what do you think of that?

FATHER D. Hurrah for the Ryans and Blakes! Those are my sentiments.

TOM (*shaking hands with FATHER DUFFY*). Thanks, Father, thanks.

[EXIT L. 3, *singing "I wonder where you are to-night."*]

FATHER D. (*going back to chair*). Now I'll try to get that nap.

ENTER MRS. M. *from house, carrying water bucket and singing "I wonder where you are to-night, my love."*

[EXIT L. 2.]

FATHER D. Another one looking for a lost love. It must be that they have all been kidnapped.

ENTER SCHMIDT L. 3, *crosses and EXITS R. 3 singing "I wonder where you are to-night, my love."*

FATHER D. Is there no one on earth at all at all who has not lost his love? It must be an epidemic of some kind. Sure, a nap is out of the question now. I wonder if Tom found his pen.

ENTER JOHN NOLAN, R. 3.

JOHN. Good evening, Father. Have you lost something?

FATHER D. I'm looking for a lost love.

JOHN. Eh?

FATHER D. I mean a fountain pen.

JOHN. Is Nellie about, Father?

FATHER D. She is in the house, I think. Shall I call her?

JOHN. Not yet, wait a moment. I didn't come to see her, not her alone. I should like to speak to you first.

FATHER D. My! How serious you are!

JOHN. Father, you have known me ever since I was a little boy. (*Pause.*)

FATHER D. Well?

JOHN. You are Nellie's uncle and the only living relative she has in the world, that is why I wish to speak to you. (*Pause.*)

FATHER D. Go on, my boy.

JOHN. Pshaw! Why should I beat about the bush? I have already spoken to Nellie, Father. I love her and she loves me; that is why I have come to you to—to—to—ask your consent and blessing. I will do my best to make her happy.

FATHER D. If my consent is all that is needed to make you and Nellie happy, you have that and my blessing goes with it.

JOHN. Thank you, Father, thank you. You don't know how happy you have made me. (*Shaking FATHER DUFFY's hand.*)

FATHER D. (*speaking with mingled emotions*). I too am happy, my boy. Nellie is a good girl and I am proud to know that she is going to get a good man for a husband. It is with great pride that I give her away, for she is the daughter of my only brother, a man whom I loved only as one man can love another. (*Takes out handkerchief and tries to hide the tears*). There—there—I got something in me eye (*Turns the scene into comedy*). I think I'll be getting in the house, out of this damp night air. (*Crosses to house, sneezes.*) There, I told ye. Now I'm in for a nice cold in the head. [EXIT into house.

JOHN. Dear old soul! I wish I were half as good as he is, half as kind. (*Looks up at the house.*) There is a light in Nellie's window. I wonder if she is in. (*Picks up some pebbles, throws them at NELLIE's window and calls*) Nellie, Nellie! Perhaps she isn't in after all.

ENTER MRS. MURPHY *from house.*

MRS. M. Now—now—what's this? Ain't you grown up yet, tryin' to break me windies like some Omadhaum?

JOHN. Not at all, Mrs. Murphy. I was trying to get Nellie to come out.

MRS. M. Then why don't you come in and ask her?

JOHN. Because I have something important to say to her, and the only place for it is out here in the moonlight.

MRS. M. Is that so? And when does the marriage take place?

JOHN. Marriage? I said nothing about marriage.

MRS. M. No, but you said you had something confidential to confide to Nellie out here in the moonlight. And in the auld country confidential talks by moonlight mean one of two things; marriage, or murder.

JOHN (*laughs*). You are a far seeing woman, Mrs. Murphy.

MRS. M. I'm no fool, mind that. I'll tell Nellie you are waitin' for her. She was fixin' her hair when I came out.

[EXIT *into house.*

JOHN (*calls after her*). Tell her I will wait by the big elm.

[EXIT R. 2, *whistling.*

ENTER HARRISON L. 3, *looks after JOHN.*

HARRISON. Hello, there goes John Nolan. I wonder if Nell is still here at Father Duffy's. I'll see. (*Starts toward house.*)

ENTER NELLIE *from house.*

NELL. Well, John, have you—Harrison—I thought that—

HARRISON. You thought that John Nolan was here.

NELL. I—I—yes, I did.

HARRISON. And are you disappointed?

NELL. Well, of course.

HARRISON. Look here, Nell, you and I are good friends, aren't we?

NELL. Why, of course. What a question to ask.

HARRISON. Can we ever be more than friends?

NELL. I don't understand what you mean Harrison.

HARRISON. Nell, I have traveled this whole world over; I have met many women in many lands, but I have never loved, Nell, until—

NELL. Don't say any more, Harrison. I think I understand. You are going to say that you love me. If I tell you

that I do not love you, you will be offended and perhaps our friendship will cease, and I don't want that to happen, so let us say nothing more about it.

HARRISON. Then we can be nothing more than friends?

NELL. Nothing.

HARRISON. Listen, Nell, before you make a final decision. This town was never made for you, or you for the town. Big cities are waiting to do your bidding. The public is eager to adore you. I will place you in the first ranks of the theatrical world. Good Heavens, girl, think! Think! I love you, I have always loved you. I will give you love, fame and a fortune. Could any woman ask more? Is there anything my offer lacks to make it perfect?

NELL. Yes, there is.

HARRISON. What is it? Name it—name it, and I will give it to you.

NELL. Good friend, do not think that I am so ungrateful as not to appreciate your many kindnesses to me, and this your last offer of all that makes life worth living. I am indeed thankful for the former, and proud of the latter. But Harrison, I do not love you, and that is something you cannot give me. Besides, I love John Nolan; we are engaged.

HARRISON. You will love me, Nell, you must.

NELL. Don't, Harrison, don't say any more. You feel hurt, I can realize that, but don't let your anger get control of your better judgment. To-morrow you will see things in a different light. Good-night, friend. (*Holds out her hand.*)

HARRISON (*refuses it*). Nell, you know me well enough to realize that I will let nothing stand between me and my desires. You cannot turn me down like this without me making a fight, I tell you plainly I will either have you for my wife, or——

NELL. Or what?

HARRISON. Well, I'll get even, that's all. I won't be the only one to suffer, you can take that on the book.

NELL. Harrison, I always thought you were, with all your faults, at least a man; now I have my doubts.

HARRISON. You can't say more than you have already. Only understand this—I will be even. Remember that! Good-night!

[EXIT L. 3.]

NELL. Now I have made him my enemy. I am sure I did my best to retain his friendship.

ENTER JOHN R. 2.

JOHN. Nell!

NELL. John!

JOHN (*taking her hands in his*). I have spoken to Father Duffy.

NELL. Yes?

JOHN. And he has given his consent.

NELL. Oh, I am so glad—so happy!

JOHN. Now you can name the day.

NELL. I will leave that to you.

JOHN. Very well. To-morrow.

NELL. Oh, not so soon.

JOHN. When, then?

NELL. Oh, next month.

JOHN. Can't you make it sooner than that?

NELL. Nope. (*They both laugh. The town clock strikes eight, off stage.*)

NELL. Eight o'clock.

JOHN. I did not think it was as late as that. Come, I will see you home.

NELL. Oh no, I have a lot to say to my uncle before I go home. Now what are you looking so glum about?

JOHN (*stubbornly*). Well—I wanted to see you home.

NELL. You silly fellow! I can find my way home all right, no one will steal me. Now you run along like a nice little boy. (*Laughs and crosses to house.*)

JOHN. All right, I'll go then on one condition.

NELL. What is that?

JOHN. Kiss me good-night.

NELL (*blushing and confused*). John!

JOHN. Well, I'm waiting.

NELL (*goes to his arms*). John! (*He kisses her. She breaks away and EXITS into house. He stands looking after her.*)

JOHN. My own little wife! (*All the PATRIC children put their heads over the hedge L. in a mysterious fashion and speak in an awed whisper.*)

CHILDREN (*in chorus*). Oh-h-h-h-h-h. We saw him kiss her! (*They disappear behind hedge; JOHN does not observe them, but still stands looking after NELL.*)

SLOW CURTAIN.

ACT II.

SCENE.—*Same as ACT I. Two years later. Time, summer evening. DISCOVERED FATHER DUFFY in cassock and barretta, asleep in chair L. DR. NOLAN runs on from L. 3, with a butterfly net; he cautiously comes down toward FATHER DUFFY and brings the net down over his head.*

FATHER D. (*springing to his feet*). In the name of all that's possible, what have we here?

DR. N. A thousand pardons! I was chasing a butterfly and it came this way.

FATHER D. My good friend, does the back of my head resemble a butterfly?

DR. N. No, no, really, you see I mislaid my spectacles, and——

FATHER D. Mislaid them? Sure man, there they are on the back of your head.

DR. N. (*taking down spectacles*). So they are! Dear me, I am getting so absent-minded!

FATHER D. Doctor, Doctor, you are what is termed in the vernacular of the day, a scream.

DR. N. Father Duffy, if you make fun of me, I shall call you behind the barn and give you a lesson in the manly art of self defense.

FATHER D. And that is where you would make the biggest mistake of your life.

DR. N. And why pray?

FATHER D. Did ye never hear of my reputation?

DR. N. I did not.

FATHER D. In the old country I used to be special constable at all the county fairs.

DR. N. Oh, I see.

FATHER D. Sure, an old man like you would stand no chance at all at all with a young man like meself.

DR. N. Old man? Old man? Why I am but eight and sixty!

FATHER D. You mean six and eighty.

DR. N. Nothing of the kind.

FATHER D. Sure man, in the first place you're absent-minded and in the second place you're Irish, and between the two you will never know your right age.

DR. N. Father Duffy, you will have your joke.

FATHER D. Oh, by the way, were you at Nellie's house this afternoon?

DR. N. I was there not an hour ago.

FATHER D. And how are things in that direction?

DR. N. Bad. Very bad.

FATHER D. Is the child worse?

DR. N. No, not worse, but no better.

FATHER D. Poor Nell, I fear that if her child should die, it would break her heart.

DR. N. Father, I don't know whether you have noticed it or not, but something besides a sick child is amiss in that house. I can read it in Nellie's eyes and in my son John's. It seems to me as though they were drifting further and further apart, whereas the impending danger to their only child should bring them closer together.

FATHER D. I have noticed nothing of this kind. Pray tell me more.

DR. N. Would that I could. I hope that I may be wrong, yet something tells me that it is time for you and me to observe and to act. You and I know this world, they are young, remember that.

FATHER D. If there is an estrangement between Nell and John, the reason is not hard to find. John's ambition for professional honors at the bar, his evenings at his club, together with Nell's love for society and its functions have made them somewhat forgetful of each other. Now that you have brought up the subject, doctor, I can truthfully say that I too have noticed that something was wrong, or perhaps I should say felt it for sometime past.

DR. N. I trust it is not too late to——

FATHER D. It is never too late to check a mistake, mend a wrong, lend a helping hand and to do right.

DR. N. You and I will do all of these, Father, and more if possible.

FATHER D. It is the same old story that often creeps into the hearts and lives of young married people. Instead of seeking enjoyment in each others company, they look for pleasures elsewhere, and thus they never find the hidden charms which each possesses.

ENTER MIKE PATRIC, R. 3, *dressed same as in ACT I.*

MIKE. Good evening, Father. Good evening, Dr. Nolan.

FATHER D. and DR. N. Good evening, Michael.

MIKE. How's the baby at Nellie's house? Have you heard?

FATHER D. Not very well, I think.

MIKE. I am sorry to hear that. Tell her that Delia and meself will be up to see her the first chance we get. I'm on over-time at the shop, and the children worry Delia so in the day that we are both thankful when we can rest. After all, I think that we will be able to get up to see her to-night. Good evening. [EXIT L. 3.]

FATHER D. There goes a man, uneducated, unrefined we might say, yet even he has learned the secret of true happiness. Come, Doctor, we will go into the house.

[EXIT DR. NOLAN *into house*. FATHER DUFFY *is about to follow when* AUNT SUSAN ENTERS R. 2.]

AUNT SUSAN. Father Duffy, Father Duffy.

FATHER D. Well, if it isn't Aunt Susan!

AUNT S. Yes, it sure am me, an Ah done come to gib you all a message from Father O'Brien.

FATHER D. Yes?

AUNT S. He say he am goin' ter stop wif de chile for an hour or two.

FATHER D. And how is the child?

AUNT S. It war sleepin' when Ah left.

FATHER D. Thank heaven for that! And Nellie?

AUNT S. She am asleep too. Ah done jes forced her ter lay down an den, Ah crooned one ob ma ole songs and soon she was fas asleep.

FATHER D. Aunt Susan, you are a good and faithful servant and some day you will be rewarded.

AUNT S. (*courtesying*). Thank yo, sah—Ah mean, Father, thank you. It sure am powerful good ob yo ter speak to me lak dis.

FATHER D. Not at all, not at ail. [EXIT *into house*.]

ENTER MAY, R. 3, *carrying sunshade*. *She is still as haughty and snobbish as ever.*

AUNT S. (*turns and sees MAY; throws up hands in surprise*). Lor a massy! Ef it aint Missie May!

MAY (*very haughtily*). Aunt Susan.

AUNT S. It sure am, chile. Yas indeedie! My—my but yo sure do look pert. An hows you all been?

MAY. Very well.

AUNT S. Ah am powerful glad to hear dat. Would it be much presumin' in my part ter ax yo where yo all has been in dese las two years?

MAY. I fail to see wherein my personal affairs should interest my neighbor's servants, but since you have the impudence to ask, I will answer you; I have been abroad.

AUNT S. Now aint dat jes too gran fo anything (*Crosses R. aside.*) Been to Europe. Huh, ah bet she never seen a ferry boat. [EXIT R. 2.]

ENTER HARRISON L. 3, *carrying a cane and smoking a cigar.*

MAY. I'm glad I told her that; she will tell it to the other servants and in less than an hour it will be all over town. (*Laughs.*)

HARRISON (*applauds*). Encore, encore. Your laughter is like the music of sweet bells, do let us have some more of it.

MAY (*surprised*). You!

HARRISON (*bowing*). I cannot deny it. Well, how are things in this dead and alive place? (*Looks about.*) Hasn't changed much in two years, eh?

MAY. I thought you left this town for good.

HARRISON. I did leave it for good. I went away to get some money left me by a deceased uncle. And you, are you married yet, eh?

MAY. Some people have more impudence than they have brains. I have been away on a long visit myself.

HARRISON. Left to get over the shock of Nell getting the man you loved, is that it?

MAY. I will never get over that.

HARRISON. Nor I. (*Becoming excited.*) Nell didn't treat me fair; I loved her as much as Nolan, yet she wouldn't have me. I'll get even though, if it takes me a lifetime. (*Becoming calmer.*) Pardon my excitement. I am just a little bit irritable, been traveling all day, train—tired you know.

MAY. Are you here on business?

HARRISON. I returned to see if I could get Nell to return to concert singing, there will be a barrel of money in it this season.

MAY. You must be crazy. Her husband will never permit it.

HARRISON. That remains to be seen. Have you seen John Nolan since you returned?

MAY. No.

HARRISON. No? Strange!

MAY. What do you mean?

HARRISON. He is very desirous of seeing you.

MAY (*eagerly*). Who told you that?

HARRISON. He did himself. I dare say he isn't altogether

happy as a married man. We were speaking of you and he said he must see you as soon as possible. That is what I got from his general conversation. Now there is some little legal matter that he could attend to for you, isn't there?

MAY. Yes.

HARRISON. Good. You are going to be at the Van Sloan lawn party to-night?

MAY. I am on my way home now to dress.

HARRISON. Good again. Now I shall be able to tell him that you will see him there.

MAY. But I——

HARRISON (*looking at his watch*). You will have to hurry. It is getting late.

MAY. Very well then, I will hurry. [EXIT R. 3.]

HARRISON. There, I think I have arranged that, I am becoming a diplomat. Now let me see if I have laid my batteries in order. (*Sits on edge of table and counts with his cane in hand. The following must be spoken very slowly and deliberately, making long pauses so as to let the audience get the full import of his plans.*) Battery number one; I must get John Nolan to the Van Sloan's to-night, one way or another. Nellie probably knows that May Dempsey loved her husband, and no doubt is jealous. Number two; I have given a faint suggestion to May in regard to some legal matters that needed straightening out so that when she finds out that John did not desire to see her, her pride will be hurt and she will have business matters to fall back on and thus keep up the conversation until I can have Nell arrive on the scene. I said I would get even and this will be the first step toward keeping my word. [EXIT L. 3.]

ENTER NELLIE R. 3. *She is somewhat matured, that is, her girlishness is gone. She wears a long dress, and walks slowly as if care-worn and tired. She goes to house, looks in at door, then crosses and sits in chair R. of table. The Angelus rings off stage.*

NELL. The angelus. (*Buries head in arms until the angelus stops ringing.*)

ENTER FATHER DUFFY *from house, small bible in hand, crosses and lays hand on NELLIE'S shoulder.*

NELL (*raising her head*). Good evening, Father.

FATHER D. And how is Nellie this evening?

NELL. I don't think I feel very well.

FATHER D. Nellie, girl, what is the matter with you? Why are you so depressed in spirit?

NELL. I am worried about the baby, that is all.

FATHER D. Nothing else?

NELL (*after a pause*). Nothing.

FATHER D. Nellie, there is something wrong with you and John. (NELLIE *looks up with a start*.) Oh, I know, I know. For years I have studied human nature, its trials, its disappointments, its sorrows, its joys. Let me help you.

NELL. No one can help me, Father, no one—I have lost that which—Oh, don't ask me any more, please don't.

FATHER D. You will not even tell me, your uncle and your pastor?

NELL. Father, I—I have lost John's love. Oh, I have tried to hide it, tried to bear it alone, yet I know sooner or later I would have to come to you and tell you all. Now with the baby so very ill, I feel as though I could not stand one drop more of sorrow. I am not a good mother. I know, or I would bear it all in silence. Oh Father, Oh Father! (*Buries her head in her arms.*)

FATHER D. And what makes you think that John does not love you anymore?

NELL. Because he does not act the same as when we were first married. He is cold and distant, he never speaks of anything but business, his days are spent at the office and his nights at his club, and I am left alone.

FATHER D. But he treats you kindly, does he not?

NELL. He is always that.

FATHER D. Nellie, have you been all to him that you could?

NELL. I?

FATHER D. John has given too much time to his business and his club, it is true. Now have you not given too much time to society?

NELL. I have hardly left the house for the past two weeks.

FATHER D. The past two weeks are only two weeks in the two years of your married life. I know you thought as the wife of the famous lawyer Nolan, you should take your place in society, and there is no harm in that if done moderately. But don't you see that the time you should have given to each other was spent in the society of people elsewhere. And so neither of you gave a chance to enjoy the true happiness of yourselves.

NELL. Why, I never thought of that.

FATHER D. Of course not! It is not that John does not

love you. He has become a business man of the world, that's all. I shall speak to him as soon as possible, then all things will be right once more. (*Crosses to house, opens bible and reads.*) "For one small moment have I forsaken Thee, but with great mercy will I gather Thee" There is a beautiful passage, Nellie. Think it over. [EXIT *into house.*]

NELL. Father Duffy is right. Perhaps I have not been to John all that a wife should be. I will start all over again.

ENTER JOHN L. 3, *dressed in business suit of black. Played quickly and business like.*

JOHN. Hello Nell, you here? The baby must be getting better.

NELL. Though he has not been as well as he should, he was sleeping when I left. Was the train late to-night John?

JOHN. No indeed. I had some business to attend to for the C. T. R. R. and came up in an auto with some friends.

NELL. You will remain home to-night, will you not?

JOHN. Yes, I think so. I was going to the Van Sloan's party to-night as some of the directors of the road will be there, and it would be an excellent opportunity for me to bring up certain points in the case, but I do not think now that I shall have to be there.

NELL. I am glad of that. John, I want to have a long talk with you about ourselves just you and I alone.

JOHN. There, little girl, we will talk of all these things at another time. I know you may have many things to tell me, but just now I have some business to talk over with Father Duffy. You run along up to the house, I will be there in fifteen minutes. There, don't look so disappointed, but run along. (*Kisses her on the forehead.*)

[EXIT *into house.*]

NELL. Business—business, always business. No time for me. He expects that a few words of encouragement should be enough to console me and make me happy.

ENTER HARRISON, R. 3.

HARRISON (*holding out hand*). Nell, well this is a surprise!

NELL (*taking his hand*). Harrison Woodworth! I thought you were abroad!

HARRISON. I was, for a short time. You're looking well, Nell.

NELL. Thank you. I suppose you are still in the concert business?

HARRISON. No, I am not. I have never been able to find another singer like you.

NELL (*half smiling*). You surely haven't lost your gift of flattery.

HARRISON. It is not flattery Nell, but gospel truth. Nell, haven't you ever thought that you would like to try your hand again?

NELL (*shaking her head in the negative*). I am married now, you know.

HARRISON. True, I had forgotten that. And are you happy?

NELL (*hesitating*). Happy?—Yes.

HARRISON. Have you never thought that you would like to sing before a big audience once again, to hear the music of honest applause from thousands?

NELL. Never.

HARRISON. I suppose it is best that you put the past behind you. Though you had some happy days in the old field.

NELL. Yes, I did have some happy days. And I often look back over them and in my imagination I enjoy them all over again.

HARRISON. Pardon me for changing the subject. Are you going to Van Sloan's garden party this evening?

NELL. No, neither John nor I will be there.

HARRISON. You say your husband is not going? Strange, I thought he was—at least May Dempsey told me he was to meet her there.

NELL (*with suppressed emotion*). Are you sure? Are you absolutely sure?

HARRISON. Why, yes. I hope I haven't said anything that would have been better if left unsaid.

NELL (*forgetting HARRISON'S presence*). He is going there, and he told me he would remain at home. He—is—going—to—meet—her—there. (*With decision.*) I too will be there. Yes, I will see for myself. If I have misjudged him, I will bow myself in humiliation the rest of my life, and if he has been false to me, I will never forgive him. Never, never, never!

[EXIT R. 2.]

HARRISON. The game is on and jealousy is trumps. Who knows, she may leave John Nolan and I shall win her after all. (*Goes toward gate.*)

JOHN (*from house*). No, Father I shall not forget.

ENTER JOHN *from house, followed by FATHER DUFFY, who stands in the doorway.*

I will go down to the village at once, it will only take a few moments.

FATHER D. And don't forget what I told you about Nellie.

JOHN. I shan't forget, never fear.

FATHER D. I will be up to see you and Nellie some time to-night. [EXIT into house.

(JOHN starts up c. and meets HARRISON.)

HARRISON. John Nolan!

JOHN (taking him by the hand). Harrison Woodworth! As I'm alive! What brings you to these parts?

HARRISON. Thought I'd run up and see old friends, you know.

JOHN. Then we shall have the pleasure of your company up at the house.

HARRISON. Thank you, but my time will be taken up for some days yet. By the way, I met May Dempsey on her way to the Van Sloan's; she is leaving town I think, and requested me to ask you to meet her there.

JOHN. Must she see me to-night?

HARRISON. It is some legal matter of great importance; she said it would only take a few moments to settle it.

JOHN. In that case I think I will be able to see her. I am on my way down to the village and will drop in at the Van Sloan's on my way back. See you later Woodworth.

[EXIT L. 3.

HARRISON. The last card has been played. Now for the final trick. [EXIT R. 2.

ENTER TOM and ANNA L. 3.

TOM. I wonder if Nellie and John are going to the Van Sloan's to-night.

ANNA. No, I don't think so.

TOM. Wait until we get married, then we will give garden parties, eh?

ANNA. Of course we will.

TOM. And we will invite all our friends.

ANNA. All but the McDonalds.

TOM. We must invite the McDonalds.

ANNA. We will do nothing of the kind.

TOM. Now Anna, don't be spiteful.

ANNA. Spiteful—spiteful, the idea! If you say that again I will never marry you at all.

TOM. Oh, very well.

ANNA. Oh, I know it would please you. Then you could marry Jennie Carroll.

TOM. Yes, and you could marry Walter Smith.

ANNA. You mean, mean thing! I am going to call our engagement off right here. I'm going home and get every present you ever gave me and give it back to you.

[EXIT L. 3.]

TOM. Well if that's the case, I will get all the presents she ever gave me and return them.

[EXIT R. 3.]

ENTER MRS. MURPHY *from house.*

MRS. M. Sure, I wonder what can be keepin' Schmidt, he should have been here long ago. (*Sits on bench.*)

ENTER SCHMIDT R. 3, *wearing Sunday clothes.*

SCHMIDT. Hello Mrs. Moypee.

MRS. M. Is that you Louis?

SCHMIDT. MY, but you look nice!

MRS. M. I'm glad you think so. (SCHMIDT *sits beside her.*)

SCHMIDT. You look yust like a peach.

MRS. M. Get along with your blarney.

SCHMIDT. Get along mit bologna! I didn't brung you no bologna.

MRS. M. (*laughing*). Bologna? Louis, you will be the death of me.

SCHMIDT. Say do you know, every time I look at you my heart yumps up in my ear.

MRS. M. That's more blarney.

SCHMIDT. Say, vot is dis bologna bisness?

MRS. M. Sure blarney is a word that we use in the auld country.

SCHMIDT. Ireland must pe a great place!

MRS. M. It is that! That's the land where me heart is.

SCHMIDT. Iss dot so? Did you forgot to pring your heart mit you?

MRS. M. Me heart is in the land of Shamrock. (*Sighs.*)

SCHMIDT. Den der man vot marries you will get a heartless voman, vot?

MRS. M. (*aside*). He's startin' to propose again. I'll make him finish it this time, if I have to do the proposin' meself. (*Aloud.*) Heartless woman did ye say? Is it any wonder with all me years of loneliness?

SCHMIDT (*aside*). I vish I hat spunk enough to ask her

to marry me. (*Aloud.*) Mrs. Moypee, der is somethings vot I vont to said mit you.

MRS. M. Yes—yes.

SCHMIDT. It iss—iss—er.

MRS. M. Yes, it is, er?

SCHMIDT. I tink I vill go home. (*He starts to rise; she gets him by the coat and pulls him back.*)

MRS. M. Ah, don't go yet! (*Aside.*) If he don't hurry up, I'll bust, I'm that nervous.

SCHMIDT (*aside*). I vish I could say it in German and make her understand. I will try it. (*Aloud.*) Mrs. Moypee!

MRS. M. Yes!

SCHMIDT. Ich liebe dich!

MRS. M. I don't know what you mean, but anyway this is so sudden! (*She falls in his arms.*)

SCHMIDT. Hurrah! I haf met de enemy and she iss mine.

MRS. M. (*coming to*). Where am I?

SCHMIDT. Here, me darlink! Now tell me ven ve vill be married.

MRS. M. As soon as possible, if not sooner. Now come around to the kitchen and I will give ye a fine cup of tea.

SCHMIDT. Sure.

[EXIT *back of house*, followed by MRS. M.]

ENTER ANNA L. 3, and TOM R. 3. ANNA carries about twenty boxes and bundles, which she drops on ground. TOM carries a single necktie.

ANNA. There is every present you ever gave me.

TOM (*holding out necktie*). And here are every one of the presents you gave me.

ANNA (*Stamping her foot*). Oh you hateful—hateful thing!

[EXIT R. 3.]

TOM (*running after her*). Anna, Anna, wait a minute.

[EXIT R. 3.]

ENTER MRS. MURPHY *from house*; sees presents.

MRS. M. My! My! Look at this! Santa Claus is coming early this year! (*Picks them up one by one until she has them all in her arms.*)

RE-ENTER ANNA and TOM.

ANNA. Its all right Mrs. Murphy, Tom and I have made it all up again.

MRS. M. (*unconcerned*). Is that so? Well, I'm glad of that!

ANNA. Yes. Now if you will please let me have my presents——

MRS. M. Your presents?

ANNA. Yes, those you have in your arm.

MRS. M. These? Sure I found these and what I find I holds on ter. [EXIT *back of house*.]

ANNA. Well, I'll just give her a piece of my mind.

[EXIT *back of house*.]

TOM. Oh, I wouldn't miss this for the world!

[EXIT *after ANNA*.]

ENTER NELLIE L. 3, *very much aggitated*. FATHER DUFFY enters from house. (*From now on the scene must be worked up to a climax*.)

FATHER D. Nellie, child, what is it?

NELLIE (*drops in chair L. of table*). Its—its—John—John.

FATHER D. What of him?

NELL. He lied to me, he was at Van Sloan's to-night and with May Dempsey. He told me he was not going, yet for a few moments with her, he would sacrifice my belief in him, my love for him. Not only that, he gave to her the moments he should have spent with our child, his child, sick, God knows perhaps unto death!

FATHER D. Nellie—Nellie don't say these things unless you are sure.

NELL (*sobs*). Sure? I saw him there.

ENTER JOHN L. 3.

JOHN. Why Nellie, what is the matter?

NELL (*rising*). Don't touch me! Don't come near me!

JOHN (*surprised*). Nellie, what do you mean?

NELL. This, that for the sake of our child we will live to the world as man and wife, but to each other we will be strangers.

ENTER AUNT SUSAN R. 2, *rushes in and falls at NELLIE'S feet*.

AUNT S. Missis Nellie—Missie Nellie!

NELL. What is it. Speak!

AUNT S. Father O'Brien says you is to come quick. De baby——

NELL. The baby? Is he worse?

AUNT S. Yes. (*NELLIE starts up as FATHER O'BRIEN ENTERS R. 2.*)

FATHER O'B. You need not hasten. It is finished. (*Dramatic pause.*)

NELL (*in intense whisper*). Dead—my baby is dead?

FATHER O'B. Yes. (*NELLIE drops back in chair, sobbing. FATHER DUFFY crosses and lays his hand on her shoulder.*)
Nellie, it is His will.

NELLIE. But my baby, Father, he is dead—dead! He will never call me mother again, never rest in my arms! Oh, why is death so cruel! My baby—my baby—dead—dead!

FATHER D. Nellie, be strong.

NELL (*half hysterical*). I will, for this is the end. The final link has been broken! I'll go back to the old life, I'll go back—I'll say farewell to you all forever!

JOHN. Nell, you surely don't mean that!

NELL (*with contempt*). You! You! Why should you care? Am I not leaving you to be free?

FATHER D. Nellie, you surely don't mean that this is the end of all?

NELL. I do mean that this is the end.

ENTER HARRISON R. 2, *hears NELLIE's speech.*

I am going back to the old life.

HARRISON. Nell!

NELL. But not with you!

CURTAIN.

ACT III.

SCENE.—*Same as ACT I. and II. A few weeks later.*

Morning. DISCOVERED, FATHER DUFFY in cassock and barretta, arranging table and chairs in center of stage. He places a chair on either side of the table.

ENTER DR. NOLAN, L. 3.

DR. N. Good morning, Father. Are you going to the wedding?

FATHER D. I am, as soon as I can arrange my case.

DR. N. Your case? Have you a case then?

FATHER D. I have. I have a case on with the devil.

DR. N. With the devil? Are you mad, or am I?

FATHER D. I'm not, and if one of us must be, you must be that one.

DR. N. Yes, I guess I am. Dear me, I'm getting so absent-minded! But tell me about your case.

FATHER D. Well, you know of course that John and Nellie have decided that they should live apart. They decided that they wanted a legal separation. Now I know that separations are the devil's work, so I decided to give them a separation of my own making and not the devil's, thus beating the devil at his own game.

DR. N. Dear me! Dear me, it is all a most unfortunate affair. By the way, I saw Harrison Woodworth sneaking on a train for New York a few nights ago.

FATHER D. Yes, it was at my suggestion that he left town, and its lucky for him that he did. After all the harm he has done, I'm afraid that if I should have met him I would have given him a long penance.

DR. N. I should have given him something more substantial than that.

FATHER D. I remember a case that happened about ten years ago. I was passing a certain house one night when I heard a woman scream. And I tell you that scream will remain with me until my dying day; she was being murdered, I thought. In less time than it takes to tell, I was in that house and in the very room from whence the scream had come. And such a sight! There was a big brute of a man beating a poor sickly looking woman. Well, the first thing I did was to say a prayer to my patron saint that I might keep myself from killing the brute. "What's that going on here?" say I. "Can't you see," says he. "I can" says I. "Then shut up" says he "Or you will get some of the same medicine." With that he sprung for me and I was obliged to give him a severe penance.

DR. N. Was it very severe?

FATHER D. It was. That man was obliged to sit up every night for a week and bathe his face in witch-hazel.

ENTER MR. and MRS. PATRIC and all the children, L. 3, and
cross R.

MIKE. Good morning, Father, and Dr. Nolan.

FATHER. Good morning folks. All going to the wedding, I suppose?

MIKE. We are that, and to the breakfast too. Delia and I were going alone, but when the children heard that there

was to be ice cream, there was no keeping them away. (*To the children*). Come along there, you army of trouble.

[ALL EXIT R. 3.]

MRS. M. (*off stage*). Hurry up, Schmidt, or we will be late.

ENTER MRS. MURPHY L. 3, *leading* SCHMIDT *by the hand*.

FATHER D. Hello, hello, here's Mr. and Mrs. Schmidt all fixed up for the wedding.

MRS. M. We are, if we will ever get there. Schmidt is as slow as the Dublin cart. (*To* SCHMIDT). Have you a handkerchief?

SCHMIDT. Yah.

MRS. M. Then come along. (*Church bell rings off stage.*) There goes the last bell! (*She grabs* SCHMIDT *by the hand and pulls him off* R. 3.)

DR. N. I think I will be going myself. Are you coming, Father?

FATHER D. No. Father O'Brien is to perform the ceremony. I have business that will keep me here.

DR. N. Very well then. (*Starts* R. *and walks into a wood wing.*) Dear me, I am getting so absent-minded.

[EXIT R. 2.]

FATHER D. (*sighing*). I wish Nellie and John would come, I am getting nervous. [EXIT *into house*.

ENTER NELLIE, L. 3, *in mourning dress; comes down and sits in chair* L. *of table*.

NELL. Anna has a beautiful day for her wedding! How I would like to be at the church! I could not stand it though, for it would recall all my own joys on my wedding day and the agonies I have since suffered.

ENTER FATHER DUFFY *from house*.

FATHER D. You are on time, Nellie.

NELL. Yes, Father. Has John, I mean Mr. Nolan, arrived yet?

FATHER D. Not yet, though I know he is in town because he telephoned me from the railroad station. Nellie, before we go on with the case this morning I must again inform you, as you already know, that all this came about by the lies of Harrison Woodworth. Even poor May Dempsey was innocent of any intentional harm. She told me the whole story before she went to live with her mother's folks in the

SOUTH. Is there nothing but a separation that will mend this wrong, that is, if any wrong has been done?

NELL. Father, it is his wish and mine too.

FATHER D. (*aside*). My, my, but it takes the Irish to be stubborn! (*To NELL.*) Very well, then I will go into the house and get the papers I have drawn up.

NELL. Are you not going to have a lawyer?

FATHER D. Not yet a while. The church's claim comes first in these matters and I am here to represent the church. (*Aside*). First round for Father Duffy.

[EXIT *into house*.

ENTER ANNA, R. 2, *in bridal gown and wreath*.

ANNA. Nell!

NELL (*surprised*). Anna!

ANNA. I saw you from my window sitting over here, and I felt that I must speak to you before I get married so I ran away. They are waiting at the church for two more carriages and I suppose by now they are wondering what has happened to the bride.

NELL. You foolish girl!

ANNA. I know I am, but I can't help it, I am so happy. Nell, I wish you were. Won't you come over to the church and see me married?

NELL. No, Anna, I would rather not.

ANNA. I understand Nell, forgive me. You will wish me good luck?

NELL. Yes, and kiss you too. (*Kisses ANNA.*)

ANNA. Nell, you can always say you were the last person to kiss Anna Ryan. When I see you again I will be Mrs. Blake. (*Laughs and EXIT R. 2.*)

ENTER JOHN L. 3, *in black suit, carrying traveling bag which he leaves at hedge. He comes down on opposite side of table to NELL.*

JOHN. Nell.

NELL. John. (*They shake hands in a very cold and formal manner.*)

ENTER FATHER DUFFY *from house, carrying legal documents.*

FATHER D. So you are here at last, John?

JOHN. Yes, Father.

FATHER D. (*steps behind table. NELL and JOHN are on either side*). Then we will proceed with the business before us.

NELL. Yes, please do not take longer than is necessary.

FATHER D. (*reads from documents, very business like*). This document gives to Nellie the right to retain the house up yonder. (*Drops his voice to a conversational tone*.) Many are the happy moments I had at the old place. I remember when you two were first married, how when you returned from your honeymoon, I called upon you and tried to tell you how you should arrange things. (*NELL and JOHN forget themselves and let their thoughts travel back to the early happy days of their married life*.) You both pretended to be greatly interested and all the while you were wondering if I would ever go. (*They all laugh*.)

FATHER D. (*resuming business-like manner*). But I had forgotten we are here to speak of the present, not of the past. (*NELLIE and JOHN again become serious*.) This document, John, gives you the right to retain— (*Becomes conversational*.) By the way, speaking of that night I called upon you, do you know, I think I would have been there yet if Father O'Brien hadn't come along and whispered in my ear "Father, as the sayin' of the day goes, You're buttin' in." (*NELLIE and JOHN again forget why they are there*.)

NELL. Oh, I was glad to see you, it was John's fault. He wanted me all for himself. He didn't even want anyone to talk to me.

JOHN. Me? Why, you yourself said coming home on the train that you hoped no one would call for a week at least.

NELL. But that did not include Father Duffy.

JOHN. Oh yes, it did. If I am not mistaken, you said you even didn't want him to call.

NELL. Oh—Oh—I never said anything of the kind. You know I was glad to see you, Father, don't you?

FATHER D. Of course I do.

NELL. There, Smarty, he knows I was glad to see him.

JOHN. Oh, well.

NELL. Yes, that is the only thing you can say. That's because you are caught.

JOHN. Caught? I'd like to know how I am caught!

(FATHER DUFFY *tip-toes off into house*.)

NELL. You know very well it was you and not I who said you hoped that no one would call for a week after we got

home, and that you wished that not only the moon but also the sun and stars were made of honey.

JOHN (*sitting on edge of table beside NELLIE*). I know I did, that was because I loved you. Because I was and always wanted to be the happiest man in the world.

NELL. And I was the happiest girl.

JOHN. It seemed that we were only children then.

NELL. Yes, two happy and care-free children.

JOHN. And now?

NELL (*becoming serious*). And now—and now we have forgotten why we are here.

JOHN (*sighs*). We are indulging in dreams of yesterday. (*They turn and see that FATHER DUFFY is not present.*)

JOHN (*calls*). Father, Father Duffy!

ENTER FATHER DUFFY *from house.*

FATHER DUFFY. Excuse me, I went inside for my handkerchief.

JOHN. Will you please continue with the reading of the separation papers.

FATHER D. It is not necessary to read them further, you can both sign them and that will end the matter. There is one piece of property not mentioned in either of the documents. (*Plaintive music. FATHER DUFFY speaks very low.*) It is a little burial lot in the cemetery on the hill; that cannot be divided. Neither that nor the memories of a father and mother. The soul of the little body that rests there is with God in Heaven, the dust belongs to you both. (*Holds out fountain-pen.*) You will both sign here. (*JOHN and NELL reach out for the pen; they look into each others eyes; pause.*)

NELL (*goes into JOHN's arms*). John!

JOHN. My wife!

FATHER D. Hurrah! The devil has lost and I've won the case! (*NELLIE is crying.*)

JOHN. Don't cry, Nellie.

NELLIE. I—I—can't help it. (*To FATHER DUFFY.*) Father, Uncle, I thank you.

JOHN (*holding out his hand which FATHER DUFFY takes*). And I.

FATHER D. Do not thank me, but God, who showed me the way to bring back two of the fold that were about to stray from his teachings.

JOHN. We will, Father. Come, Nellie we will go home.

[Both EXIT R. 2, JOHN'S arm about NELLIE; her head resting on his shoulder.

FATHER D. (*removes his hat and stands in center of stage, his eyes raised to Heaven*). And a little child shall lead them. (*Bows his head as if in prayer.*)

CURTAIN.

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DAN O'GRADY,	A sturdy old farmer.
OLD HENNINGS,	A money-lender.
NIPPER,	A detective.
PATRICK,	A servant.
MRS. O'GRADY,	Dan's wife.
MOLLY,	His daughter.
MAGGIE,	A maid-servant.

TIME, The present. SCENE, Lord Fermoy's Estate. TIME OF PLAYING, 2¼ hours.

SYNOPSIS OF INCIDENTS

ACT I.—Parlor in the "King's Arms" hotel. The old farmer and the scheming agent. The plot. Shaun and "Bad Andy." Fergus is surprised. "Lave me choke him a bit!" Shaun's suspicions. Molly and Maggie. A bit of blarney. Molly makes a discovery. Fergus surprised again. "Are you hurt?" Fergus makes a proposal. The answer. "I've a mind to strike you!" Shaun on hand. His answer.

ACT II.—Sitting-room at O'Grady's. A lapse of six months. Mother and daughter. Molly's reason. Dan's sorrow. "God bless you, my colleen!" The alarm. Fergus learns a secret. The money-lender. Fergus' threat. Shaun and Maggie. A rumpus. Molly decides. Shaun's advice. The arrest. "Stand back, or I'll brain ye!" Tableau.

ACT III.—At Fermoy castle. A lapse of two hours. Pat in clover. Maggie seeks information. A muscular maiden. Hennings gets mad. Bad Andy learns something. The attempted whipping. "Dance, or I'll cut ye into fiddle strings!" The letter. The arrest of Shaun and Bad Andy. Tom's promise. The examination Hennings gets even. "Who are you?" "Fermoy of Fermoy Castle!" Fergus weakens. The confession. Shaun's invitation. Happy ending.

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KERNAN, a Traitor	BARON DALY	
MARIA, Emmet's Wife	JUDY O'DOUGHERTY, beloved by	
Peasants, Soldiers, Colleagues of Emmet's, Constables, Jury. [Darby		
TIME OF REPRESENTATION.—Two Hours.		

SYNOPSIS OF INCIDENTS

ACT I.—The Spy,—“where have I seen that mug before?” The disguise, the wrestle, defeat, recognition. The prisoner, the Sergeant baffled, the rescue, the Judge—“My name is Robert Emmet!”

ACT II.—Emmet's home—the letter, “I shall be home to-day.” The wife's plea. The search, Darby's stratagem. The secret conclave. The traitor unmasked. The escape and betrayal.

ACT III.—Darby and Judy, “Hurrah for America!” Emmet a prisoner, the trial, guilty, sentence of death, the parting from his wife. Emmet's fruitless appeal.

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SYNOPSIS OF INCIDENTS

ACT I.—Dr. Syrup's office. An M.D. in the dumps. “When are you going to pay me my wages, sa-ay?” Making 'em feel at home. Poor Willie. Striking a bargain. Uncle Abel's scheme. Daisy in a scrape. An unprincipled plumber with a classical countenance. A deputy sheriff taking stock on the quiet. Throwing out the wrong man. Fifty dollars for a husband. Doctor, the bath-tub is busted and the house is afloat!

ACT II.—The home of Butternut's bride in Madison Avenue. Not such a soft snap after all. “When I win my wife's affections, I'll raise your wages.” Willie floored and the ladies have a little set-to. Old acquaintances hatch a nice little plot. The doctor and the undertaker disappear through the window, and the plumber assumes control of the establishment. The greatest scheme of all. A burglar goes a burgling. Another surprise for old Butternut. Uncle Abel is mistaken for a lunatic and run off to the asylum, and Gophir Bill takes the last trick.

ACT III.—Hotel parlor at Dover. Uncle Abel, bent on vengeance, sets a trap for the plumber. Butternut on a bicycle. “She bought you for a job lot and got stuck.” “Fixing” the Legislature. “Telling her all.” Willie's infernal machine. Making a will in a hurry. Mrs. Syrup gives up boxing lessons, and the doctor gets another chance in business. The infernal machine knocks out the Legislature. Butternut on the matrimonial market again. Finale.

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